HIS HEAD WAS MADE TO SAVE HIS HEELS

Creepy and Other Tales Recited to an Interested Audience.

THE REGULATION GHOST



WAS BUT A youth, and rather a young, puerile, adoescent sort of a youth at that, when I began lecturing for a living. Though I er than "The Boy" in "King Henry IV," who had observed three things, I had among boys and girls, to wit: They liked

stories and distened gladly to story tellers Therefore it one day occurred to me, while I was sitting in school and should have been studying my lesson-which is the very best time in the world for thinking most brilliantly of something else-that as my brothers and sisters listened with hungry eagerness to mine own inventions, which ere of a poor sort, but would do for children younger than myself, I might turn my chatter to personal profit. In a very short time I established the market. I engaged my brethren to perform certain household tasks-the tasks being far more certain than the performance-which by right of primogeniture devolved upon myself. These duties were at times inconvenient; frequently-say, all the time-uncongenial; and cccasionally-say the rest of the time-irksome. I employed the other "sheaves" to bow dewn and serve my sheaf; to prepare "light wood" against the early fires of the coming morrow; to saw the stubborn "limb wood" in the loosely corded pile of green hickory; to labor betimes in the kitchen garden; to run "arrants"—singular, isn't



11. with what parity boys have preserved the early modern English form of that word—all these services being paid for in "stories," current length and full weight of the ries," current length and full weight of the merchant. I think I was about fifteen years old when I received my first lecture fees. Under the law of supply and demand, rates soon regulated themselves. All of my brethren possessed the mercantile spirit and had me that much at disadvantage. One long story was good for one day's ration of "kindling wood." Rates ruled a little higher in the winter when there were more fires. The prices for "arrants" varied with the nature of the "arrant" and of the mileage. Two short stories counted as one mileage. Two short stories counted as one long one—for none of us knew that it was far easier to write half a dozen long stories than casser to write half a dozen long stories than one short one. Upon one occasion I got my "chores" done for the entire week by agreeing to tell stories Saturday night until the audience fell asleep. It well night ruined the business; I failed utterly in my conformation of the stories of ruined the business; I failed utterly in my performance of contract, and fell asleep myself thrice, amid the howling protests of the wide awake audience. I have since been far more successful with larger audi-ences. I finally compromised by agreeing to tell stories for nothing every night of the week following. I hung up "Freier eintritt" at the door of the show, and when the week closed my stock was once more clear down closed my stock was once more clear down to the shelves, and I had done all my own work beside. I confessed with great bit-terness that genius has to jump sideways when it comes in contact with commercial

I went up and down the market place for a while after that to see if I could find some man who would trade a little common serse for a great deal of genius. But the merchants laughed me to scorn, saying that a man with common sense could hire genius in the market place even up to the eleventh hour. One merchant indeed ask eleventh hour. One merchant, indeed, asked me to bring some of my genius around with me and let him see it. I went home to get it; but it had been a long hard season in the west, and all the genius I possessed had winter killed.

Sunday School Stories.

In those prosperous days Sunday school stories were held rather steady, but they had to be a good article, sound in wind, limb and condition. Memoirs of boys far better than ourselves who died when they were just about our ages had a depressing effect upon the congregation and were never encored-unless there was a terrific thunder storm raging. A zig-zag flash of lightning 250 miles long, that seemed to go right through the room where we were huddled in bed, followed by a we were huddled in bed, followed by a regular Gatling gun of a thunder clap that brought the heavens and earth together, bulled the "Memoir" market quicker and higher than a case of cholera in the next house. But ordinarily they were held rather cheaply. I often wondered, after I had



gene through bankruptcy, why I didn't think of memoirs the time I tried to talk my hearers to sleep. Foolish narrator that I was, I tried to scare them to sleep with "Injun stories," the very "wakiest" eye-openers I could have used.

openers I could have used.

Bible stories were current coin, always, especially Old Testament lore. Saul and Abab, I grieve to say, were favorites among the kings of Israel. David was very popular in his fighting days, but lost favor when he settled down and went to writing Pralms. Samson and Joshua brought down the house every time they arread Short the house every time they appeared. Sham-gar and his ox-goad was called for again and again because of its freshness and variety. The story of his exploits, being most vividly elaborated on a very slender substructure of historical data, gave the story teller broad sea room for the most

BEDTIME STORIES

exciting and complicated maneuvers. Jehu was a steady and strong favorite. He invariably drove to beat 2:40. That was the record when we were boys, and "Fanny Temple" was the recordmaker. Knowing, as I did, the names and colors of Jehu's horses, gave me some advantage over the sacred writer. Ahab and Jezebel were very popular on account of the dogs. The more degs, the more certain was the orator of an encore, and the higher the price of the an encore, and the higher the price of the narrative. The occasional introduction of our own dog, a black "houn' dog" named Hector, that was believed, upon fairly good grounds, to have bitten every man in Peo-ria, was a piece of dramatic realism that



wrought the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and sometimes led to the smuggling of "Hector" into our bed room that he, too, might enjoy the glory he confarred upon our house. He was represented as whipping the other dogs, and getting the best and biggest pieces of the wicked and heartless queen. Also, it was tacitly under-stood that he was Jehu's favorite dog, and that the monarch often went hunting with him.

him. Stories told in the daytime, save on dis-Stories told in the daytime, save on dismal, rainy days when we couldn't go out, were despised and thrown out as light coin. A story told in bed was equal to three told in the sitting room after supper. A ghost story counted three of any other kind at any time and in any place. War stories were gold—"Injun fights" far outrating Roman or Grecian gore. Robbers were held in high esteem. Stories about Christian martyrs were in steady demand Christian martyrs were in steady demand and the supply was colored to suit the mar-ket, until our mother observed that there was a shade of disappointment when a martyr got away, and bright-eyed joy when a black-maned Numidian lion, that had been on health-food diet for six weeks, and was thin as a shad—yea, as two shads—got into the arena before the guards could get out, and fared sumptuous-ly on a course dinner of Roman soldier, Spartan gladiator and Christian patriarch.

Ghost Story in Bed. Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton were better than wheat, and we "remembered the Alamo" at least once a month. But the crown jewel of all stories—a gem so rare and radiant that it had no fixed value and was only brought out to break a strike or bribe my brethren to some irl:some task of unusually slavish toll—was a ghost story in bed. It alway began in the dark, and rattled and sighed and moaned, with clanking chains and long dark halls and flitting figures, sweeping white robes and spooky rustlings and splotches of blood, until some terrified auditor "hantered" another to get rustings and spiotenes of blood, until some terrified auditor "bantered" another to get up with him and light the lamp. Because of the wasteful burning of a lamp at full head all night on several occasions our mother ordered that after date all ghost stories should be told in the afternoon, down stairs. But that was found to be a wretched failure. A ghost story in the wrstehed failure. A ghost story in the daytime was as tame and emotionless as fireworks in the sunlight. It was derided and laughed out of court; whereas that same melancholy failure told in bed, by the flickering firelight or in the dark, lifted your hair like so many icicles, and with your hair like so many icicles, and with chilly, creeping crinkles, curdled the scalps of four boys huddled in one bed and as of their boys huddled in one bed and as many listening through the open doors of their own rooms. And sometimes, when the white fingers of the moonlight traced tremulous silhouettes with the ghastly and evasive shadows on the wall, and the limbs of the observe tree vertical and expensed. of the cherry tree rattled and scraped against the window, it scared even the story tellers. One starlight night, just as story teners. One starnight hight, just as the ghost came in, the dog howled right under the window, a long drawn, wailing, despairing, bottomiess-pit kind of howl. Eight heads went under the blankets with eight answering shrieks; and when we Eight heads went under the blankets with eight answering shrieks; and when we came out again the program was changed, and we had had the story of little Samuel, Moses in the ark of bulrushes. Abraham and Isaac, Ruth the Mabitess, and a succinct and detailed account of a boy of my own age, not a bit better than myself, who once heard a dog howl in just such a way and went out to see what the matter was and found a pot of gold. That reassured the audience, and we all said we knew what was the matter with "Hec." The night was cold, and he wanted to get into the house. So what was the use of going out to see? But we went to sleep without the rest of the ghost story. Somehow when you got really badly scared a ghost story seemed kind of wicked.

One thing was absolutely essential to the acceptance of a ghost story. It had to be a mystery utterly inexplicable save on the ground that there really and truly are ghosts—despairing, unhappy specters, "that came out of their lonely graves to haunt," could not speak until they were spoken to, and fied, away to wherever they lived—or rather where they didn't live when the

and fied away to wherever they lived—or rather where they didn't live—when the roosters crowed. A ghost story that could be explained was never called for a second time.

Located in the Cellar. If the ghost was a lady, we treated he

as such. She was buried in an old briertangled but quite respectable burying ground, usually a church yard, with screech owl attachment. A man ghost, however, we felt free to take liberties with. It was great business to wall him up alive in a vault behind the cellar wall. We had a good cellar for ghosts of this we had a good cellar for ghosts of this sort. Right behind the apple racks was a good place, because then when we went down for apples winter nights we could blow out the candle and hear him coming out. The next scene, about three-tenths of a second later, disclosed the whole crowd bursting with bulging eyes into the kitchen, one of us carrying a broken candle that left a trail of tallow drops from the middle of the cellar to the kitchen, and the last child in the rush crying. And we all felt and looked foolish when we stormed into the brightly lighted kitchen, and mother, with the smile that was always on her face and meant so many things, wanted to know "what was the matter?" We could only say that we "heard something." And she would say that "we couldn't hear anything else." Sometimes we buried a man who had been foully murdered, down at the bottom of the garden behind the currant bushes. Then, summer evenings, when we played "hi-spy" (since corrupted into "hide-and-seek") we could see him filt silently past in the starlignt, waving his bloody hands above his head. And the terrified spectator would inform the rest of us tha. he "saw something!" sort. Right behind the apple racks was a

waving his oloody hands above his head.
And the terrified spectator would inform
the rest of us that he "saw something!"
This was blood-curdling.
After one or two attempts to make it go,
we never had the man shot. I don't know
why it is, but a man who is shot never
makes a successful ghost. For that reason
very few authentic ghosts have their birthdays since the invention of gurnaria. days since the invention of gunpowder. The ghost is born, you know, the day the man dies. The flash of a gun, the bang, the smell of the powder and the smoke are the smell of the powder and the smoke are not good spookly properties. My son tells me there is a ghost in old Fort George, on Lake Champlain, who beats a snare drum, but it would not do to establish this as a custom. Once in a while a man writes a story about a phantom railway train. It doesn't go. A phantom ship is all right; there are such things—everybody knows that; I have seen them myself. A phantom stage coach is not at all unlikely; and there are well-known specter horsemen. But a phantom railway train—a hissing, snorting, puffing, noisy, roaring, dusty, cinderous ghost—bosh! I believe in ghosts; I have a wide acquaintance with specters, and I know that a railroad train has no ghost.

The Blood Spot Remained.

The Blood Spot Remained.

Of course, all rules have exceptions. I remember one gunpowder ghost which "haunted" when I was a boy. He used to be a man who scattered his skull clear into the middle of next week while blowinto the middle of next week while blowing down his shotgun, and afterward went prowling around, moonlight nights, looking for his head. But the correct thing in manufacturing a ghost was to cut his throat all the way round. A splash of indelible gore went with that kind of ghost. Never could be scrubbed out, you know. The harder you scrubbed it, the brighter and redder it grew. Then you would take up the board, and put in a new one, fresh from the mill. Just as you said, "Thank heaven! It is cleaned at last," the new board crinkled and shuddered, and the blood spot broke out in the same oid place,

like a crimson sunburst. Then you went away, a raving maniac. There were but two classes of insane people created by ghoat scares. One was a "raving maniac," the other a "gibbering lunatic." An idiot always "driveled." A person could not be scared into a "driveling idiot;" he had to be born that way. It was necessary, however, that the idiot's mother should see the ghost. Then the idiot began to drivel the day he was born, and kent it un as the ghost. Then the idlot began to drivel the day he was born, and kept it up as long as he lived. There were numerous other minor properties that went to the correct stage setting of a well-bred ghost, which will readily occur to the reader who was fortunate enough to be born before the railroads, and telegraphs, and electric lights, and trolleys, and hypnotism, and psychical research drove the real ghost out of the market. of the market.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THE MARRIAGE FEE. A Rather Uncertain Quantity in the Experience of Many Ministers.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star. The question as to how much to pay the preacher who pronounces the marriage cere-mony is one that has more or less disturbed nearly every man whose sensibilities are not blunted and who has tremblingly held a trembling hand before the altar and promsed to love and cherish. It is one which is now probably preying upon the mind of the ninth Duke of Marlborough. The fortunate ninth Duke of Marlborough. The fortunate preacher who is to say the word next month is scarcely human if he is not looking for a check that will have the dimensions of a handsome fortune. The marriage fee and the marriage dower will be expected to sustain something like harmony. If they do, the magnificent John Churchill estate will have to be mortgaged, or else the bride will pay the fee by proxy.

In striking contrast with what the preacher in the case probably expects is

preacher in the case probably expects is what an expectant Presbyterian preacher what an expectant Presbyterian preacher in Norristown, Pa., received a few days ago. This particular preacher performed the marriage ceremony for a couple who, to save the expense of a big wedding, had called at the parsonage, and at its conclusion received from the smiling groom a sealed envelope. After the new Mr. and Mrs. had left the house the preacher broke the seal, when, lo, a single card dropped out on which was written the vulgar abbreviation "Thanks." Think of a new wife worth no more to the new husband than "Thanks!"

There are few country preachers who cannot tell stories equally harrowing of

There are few country preachers who cannot tell stories equally harrowing of how their fond hopes have been dashed by the niggardly fee which some tight-fisted benedict had doled out to them after the marriage ceremony. Many a faithful country preacher has taken long, cold, and tedious rides through the mud or snow to pronounce some man a husband and receive fifty cents or a dollar or a bag of oats for his pains. oats for his pains.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

The Plan Followed in Austria in Treating Such Cases.

From the New York Post.

The Austrian government has prepared a bill for the treatment of habitual drunkards. The measure proposes to empower the authorities to open retreats for inebriates, and distinguishes between the volun-tary and the compulsory detention of drunkards in these establishments. Those who enter voluntarily will be able to leave the compulsory inmates. The latter class may be sent to the retreat of the respective districts, either by the order of a magistrate or on the petition of the parents or children, or of the husband or wife or trustee, or of the chief of a lunatic asylum in which

the drunkard may be detained.

Inebriates may further be assigned to retreats by the action of the public prosecutor, or by the mayor or burgomaster of the town or village in which the habitual drunkard resides, whether he belong to that

Each Other of the Time Lor From the Chicago Tribune.

"Right here," said the old Union soldier, digging his cane into the ground, "I stood on picket duty thirty-two years ago." "And I stood on picket duty right over

there," said the grizzled old confederate warrior, pointing with his long finger at a spot a few furlongs away.

"I wonder," exclaimed the former, "if you are the Johnny Reb that gave me a plug of tobacco when I hadn't a chaw for twenty-four hours and was half-dead for

one!"
"If you're the Yank that gave me a canteen nearly full of whisky when I was dying for a drink," rejoined the southerner, "I am!" The voice of the old veteran from the orth trembled slightly when he spoke

again.
"I have always thought," he said, "that if I ever met that man again this side of the fords of the river of Jordan I'd tell the fords of the river of Jordan I'd tell him that that tobacco was the meanest, ornerlest, good-for-nothingest, dog-goned stuff that I ever put into my mouth."
"Yank," replied the old boy in gray, with emotion, "I've always wanted to live long enough to meet the man that gave me that whisky and tell him it was the vilest, nastiest, cheapest, infernalest booze that war invited the stomach of a white man ever insulted the stomach of a white man,

begad, sah!"
Then the two old warriors shook hands and moved off arm in arm in the direction of a tent that had a barrel inside of it.

Not Hit a Bean.

From Harper's Magaine.

The encouraging and ever-popular bean, whether boiled, baked or porridged, is thus alluded to by a correspondent at Lakeville,

"A family living in the city were visited by relatives residing some distance off. One of the visitors remarked that there had been a great quantity of porridge made in his mother's family, 'enough,' said he, 'to float a 74-gun ship. Don't you think so, Uncle John?' appealing to one of his relatives

tives.
"'Yes, yes,' replied that uncle, 'and the ship could ficat twenty-four hours and not



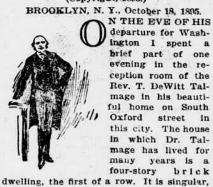
The future of the artist's necktie.-L!fe. A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair. TALK WITH TALMAGE

On the Eve of His Departure for This City.

DESCRIBES HIS METRODS OF WORK An Interesting Account of How He Chose His Wcation.

DICTATES HIS SERMONS

(Copyright, 1895.)



N THE EVE OF HIS departure for Washington I spent a brief part of one evening in the reception room of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in his beautiful home on South in which Dr. Talmany years is a

though, in being surmounted by a tower, and its side windows overlook a beautiful park. The house stands on high ground, and from the upper windows there is a commanding view. The exterior of the Talmage home is plain enough, but the interior is furnished luxuriously and in charming taste. This much was plain, though Dr. Talmage said that the reception room had been half-dismantled, pre paratory to his departure for the national capital. Dr. Talmage will move to Washing next Tuesday, and will occupy apartments in a wing of the Arlington Hotel. He told me that he would be glad to be elieved of the cares of housekeeping, and that he expected to stay in his new quarters permanently. He waxes eloquent when he talks of Washington as a place of residence. "A man must have a genius for stupidity who would not be bright there," he said. I suggested that there were men even in Washington who were like a certain well-knew setzer.

he said. I suggested that there were men even in Washington who were like a certain well-known story writer, of whom a critic said recently that he must have been born with his supply of ignorance—that he could never have acquired it.

Dr. Talmage laughed. "Washington is an ideal place to live, with its broad streets and its beautiful parks," he said. "It is so central, too, and so many brilliant men assemble there every year, that its people must feel the effect of their influence. The presence of one great mind communicates itself to a whole community. I can tell almost as soon as I reach a strange town whether there is a college there or not. And I can fell whether there is a female seminary in, a town by the particular emphasis its people lay on certain things. But show me an audience that is sluggish and heavy, that understands what you have said ten minutes after you have said it, and I know in a minute that that town has no college, no seminary and few schools."

A Failure That Was a Success. I asked Dr. Talmage If he was familian with the figures of the bureau of educathe town or village in which the habitual drunkard resides, whether he belong to that place, district, town or province or not. In all four classes of cases the detention of the inebriate must be preceded by an ordinary judicial action before a court of first instance, which is bound to hear witnesses, including the drunkard himself, as well as the dectors, more especially experts on mental diseases.

The term of detention will be generally for two years, but the "patient," as the inebriate is constantly called in the bill, may be released on leave after one year, but will be confined again in case the trust reposed in him should prove to have been in ill-placed. After the two years' term he must be two reased, but if he should after ward come under the provisions of the measure he may be sentenced again and again for fresh terms of two years, and seventually given over to a lunatic asylum or to a hospital, as the case may require.

SETTLING AN OLD GRUDGE.

The term of detention will be generally it is needed. I believe his work has been called one of the failures that succeeded. The resolutions which Mr. Blair failed to get through the seventually given over to a lunatic asylum or to a hospital, as the case may require.

SETTLING AN OLD GRUDGE.

SETTLING AN OLD GRUDGE.

The term of detrukard himself, as well as the decidence in the facts constantly called in the bill, the facts concerning tilt-eracy, which were laids before Congress by and of great sending in the max been for so many years. The gave me the choice of speaking in the has been the facts constantly and the facts constantly called in the bill, the fac

"I speak better with a large audience be-fore me than I do in conversation." he fore me than I do in conversation," he said. "And I can speak better without notes than with them. That is because it is natural for me to speak without notes. I follow the bent of my nature. If it was I follow the bent of my nature. If it was easier for me to speak from notes, I would use them. It is a mistake for a man to try to go against his nature. Some people teach that a speaker should always talk without referring to notes. It is a great mistake to lay down any such cast-iron rule and a greater mistake to try to follow it. I have known that attempt to fight nature to spoil a good many men."

Dictates His Sermons. "Don't you think an orator more effective who speaks without notes?" I asked. "That depends on the man," said Dr. Talmage. "Chalmers, you know, spoke from notes-from very fine notes. His sheets of paper were hardly longer than that," and raper were hardly longer than that," and the doctor indicated the length of the palm and fingers of his rather long hand. "The writing was as fine as it could be, and he used to hold the sheets very close to his face. The Scotch, you know, don't like their preachers to use notes. They tell a story of an old lady who was praising him to some ore, and who was asked if he didn't use notes. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'but he reads 'em as if he was a'mos dyin'.' It depends entirely on the man who reads the notes whether they will be effective or not."

I asked Dr. Talmage to tell me something of his work and how he did it.

"I use stenography a great deal," he said. "I use it because for me it is the easiest way. Not that I am seeking ease, but I can accomplish more in that way. I almost always dictate my sermons to a stenographer, and I never write a line of the three columns of editorial which I use in my paper every week. I have one of the fastest stenographers there is, and I never lave to say anything twice."

"Do you attempt to memorize your sermons after you have dictated them?"

"No; I find that the act of dictating them fixes them pretty firmly in my mind. I do most of my studying walking up and down. I find that my thoughts flow most freely I asked Dr. Talmage to tell me something I find that my thoughts flow most freely hat way.'

As Editor and Lecturer. "You expect to keep up the editorship of

your paper?" "Yes. Washington is hardly any farther from Brooklyn in these days than New York is. Through my paper I can cover a much wider field than I otherwise could. I am doing some other magazine "Will you continue in the lecture field?"

"Will you continue in the lecture field?"

"Yes, but my lecturing will be subordinate to my work in the pulpit as it always has been."

Pr. Talmage spoke enthusiastically of his lecture tours abroad and of the evangelistic tour he made less than two years ago. This tour was made when he was returning from Russia, where he went to deliver bread sent by the American people to the sufferers by the great Russian famine. Dr. Talmage spoke briefly of his visit to St. Petersburg and of the late Czar of Russia and the czarina.

"I met the present czar, too," he said, "and I found him a splendid fellow. I believe the correspondents have not done him justice. Although he was so near the throne, he was thoroughly democratic. He is a man of simple tastes and splendid character."

What and How He Reads. I asked Dr. Talmage to tell me some thing of his reading, his study.

"I am a man of moods," he said, "and I follow my inclination. A man of my disposition should not bind himself to do a certain amount of work or reading in a day. As to the class of reading, I follow my mental appetites. Some days I have a desire for what is dry—my appetite is for bones. Another day my mind demands that which is all vivacity. I am sorry to say that the great demand on my time made by my work has left me little opportunity of late for reading. I try to keep

abreast of the times. I read the news-papers, of course, and the current maga-zines, I read the new books, too, when I can."

zines, I read the new books, too, when I can."

When I asked him to tell me how he chose his vocation, he said:

"My ambition was to be a lawyer. From my boyhood the court room had had a fascination for me. It has still. I never pass a court room without the inclination to enter it, whether the court is in session or not. I studied law until I was almost ready to take out a license. In six months more I would have completed my studies. Now, my father and mother were deeply religious. But there was nothing lachrymose or depressing about their religion. I was brought up to feel that religion was a pleasantness and Sunday the happiest day in the week. Well, all the time that I was studying law and preparing for the bar my parents were hoping that I would enter the ministry—never saying anything about it, but hoping that I would.

"My brothers were all preachers, and my

about it, but hoping that I would.

"My brothers were all preachers, and my uncle there"—Dr. Taimage's eyes wandered to a vacant space on the wall. Its vacancy startled him for a moment. "His picture has gone down to Washington," he said.

"That is the first time in twenty years that I have looked at that face on the wall without seeing it. He was one of the leading preachers of the south. All of my uncles were preachers and my sisters married preachers. So you see the influence about me was very strong. Well, I came in time to see that I could be of more use in the pulpit than I could at the bar, so I gave up my studies and began to prepare for the ministry.

The World Needs Sympathy.

The World Needs Sympathy. "I saw then the work that was before Oxford street in me," said Dr. Talmage impressively, hold-this city. The house ing his right hand aloft and his left arm at right angles with his body and bringing mage has lived for his hands together as he continued. "Here was the wound of the world-here the plaster. How to bring them together; that was the problem. The wound of the world was its sin and sorrow—a wound as deep

was the problem. The wound of the world was its sin and sorrow—a wound as deep as its heart. The plaster was helpfulness and sympathy. What this world needs most is sympathy. Every person needs it and every person who is not a fool wants it. When I look cut over an audience, I know that every man and woman there needs it; and the more smiling and happy man may be the one who is carrying the heaviest burden. The clerk in the store needs sympathy; the administrator needs it; but most of all women need it.

"And not one man in a thousand gives sympathy where it is needed. Instead he is too often impatient and fault-finding. There are plenty of cuffs and kicks for every one, but very few to say: "This was well done." When I have inspected the public institutions of a city I have sometimes come to the insane asylum and I have asked them from what class the greatest number of their patients came. The answer always has been, 'From the women—from the housekeepers.' The worran's life in most homes is nothing but a round of breakfast, dinner, tea; with the fires to make perhaps and the children's clothes to mend and their training to attend to; and all the time confined within four walls.

"The man goes to his office or his shop, four walls.

"The man goes to his office or his shop, where he has the fresh air and the sunshine and where he meets other men and has many interests. And with these other has many interests. And with these other men he does not dare show what he really is. He is all sweetness with them. But when he gets home, it's 'why isn't this button on;' and this thing is wrong and that thing is wrong; and then the household expenses are too heavy. As if the woman did not have enough to worry her without being scolded because with all her economy she has not been able to keep the expenses of the house any lower. No wonder that the insane asylums are full of women.

His Duties Here. "But to return to what I was saying," said Dr. Talmage, with a start, interrupting his own train of thought. "What the world needs is sympathy, and that is what all of us-preachers and newspaper men and all the rest-ought to try to give it.' and all the rest—ought to try to give it."

Dr. Talmage spoke in terms of high praise of Dr. Sunderland, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Washington. He spoke of him as a man of splendid mind and of great scholarly attainments. "I want him to stand right at his post where he has been for so many years," he said. "He gave me the choice of speaking in the morning or in the evening, and I chose the evening for my sermons. I have always had a preference for the evening, anyway—why, I do not know."

I asked Dr. Talmage if he expected to give his attention to Congress while it was in session and preach sermons on its sins of omission or commission. He replied that he had not thought what he would do—that he never made plans, but zlways did what seemed to him at the time best to do.

"I accepted the call to Washington be-

NOT THEIR STYLE.

Negotiation in Which Proxies Wer

ron: the Chicago Post. "Did you read about the engagement of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough?' he asked as he looked lov-

"Yes," she replied softly, feeling that the nomentous occasion was at hand. "It was all arranged for them by mutual friends," he went on.

"Was It?" she asked. "Yes." he answered. "The duke didn't ake love to her himself at all." "Didn't he?"

"Didn't he?"

"No. He got some other people to attend to the matter for him."

There was a brief interval of silence, during which he looked at her and she looked at the floor.

"I don't think much of the duke," he said at last.

"I wouldn't have guch a feel way."

said at last.
"I wouldn't have such a feol man around," she returned quickly.

A moment later she looked up into his eyes, sighed and said: "We don't want any European innovations, do we?"
"No," he replied, as he drew her a little closer to him, "and I never did take much stock in preview anyway." stock in prexies, anyway.'

The Value of a Profession.





MUNYON

Makes Permanent Cures Where Physicians Fail.

Mr. O'Neil Was Said to Be Incurable. Mr. Thomas O'Neil, fireman at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, says: "Last fall I was laid up with sciatic rheumatism. I was treated by four doctors with every remedy known to medical science, even electricity, but they finally gave me up, saying my leg would always be paralyzed. At this time I was urged to try Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. Its effect was wonderful. I found entire relief from pain after a few doses, and, by continuing 'he pellets, was completely cured."

A Specific for Each Disease. Professor Munyon puts up a separate remedy for every disease. His Rheumatism Cure never fails to relieve rheumatism in from one to three hours and cures in a few days. His Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure catarrh, healing the afflicted parts and restoring them to health. His Dyspepsia Cure speedily cures all forms of stomach troubly. His Cold Cure never fails to cure the most severe cold in a few hours. The Munyon Remedies are sold at all druggists, mostly at 25 cents a bottle. Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

The Doctor's Column.

I. A. B., Detroit.—I weigh 260 pounds and am growing stouter all the time. What can I take? Take Thyroidine, extract of the Thyroid Gland, in three-drop dose, three times daily, on the tongue. Keep the bowels regular with Natrolithic L. O. D., New York.-What can I take for bron-Take Pulmoline, according to directions. It is Take Pulmoline, according to directions. It is an excellent remedy.

William F., New York.—Alternate Cerebrine, extract of the brain, with Testine, in invedrop doses, on the tongue, three times daily for a week. Take saline baths, using our sea salt; sleep in a cool room, and avoid alcohol, tobacco and spices. Henry, N. Y.—Answered as above.

C. M. B., New York.—Please give me a good remedy for chronic catarrh.

Catarrhine, if taken faithfully for a month, will cure you.

C. FALING BROWN, A. M., M. D., Med. Dept., Col. Chem. Co., Washington, D. C.

All letters of inquiry answered free. The Animal Extracts. CEREBRINE, from the Brain. MEDULLINE, from the Spinal Cord. CARDINE, from the Heart. TESTINE, OVARINE, THYROIDINE. NATROLITHIC SALTS, for Constipation. GASTRINE, for Dyspepsia. CATARRHINE, ECZEMICURE, and other specialties of the

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GET THIN! Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Salt and Bands Take Off Fat.

From her residence on H street, Mrs. Jane Hurley Thomas writes: "I have now taken Dr. Edison's obesity Pills and Fruit Salt five weeks. They have reduced me 29 pounds and greatly improved my too fat hips and abdomen."

Writing from the State Department, Julia Lloyd Dana says: "Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt have, in seven weeks, reduced my weight 39-pounds and rendered me much more graceful, as well as healthy, I am recommending them to fat lady frieds."

Writing from the Washington Woman's Club. Mrs. Kaya Belancak, Princelland, 1981.

Fr.e.d.."
Writing from the Washington Woman's Club, Mrs. Kate Richards Reignolds says: "Dr. Edison's Pills and Salt have reduced me about 33 nounds in 39 days, cured me of indigestion and completely banished unsightly liver spots which had long marred my complexion."
Col. Thomas West, Treasury Department, says: "I have, in four weeks, reduced my abdominal measurement 9 inches with Dr. Edison's Obesity Band."
Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle, or three bestless. Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle, or three bottles for

Obesity Fills, \$1.50 a bottle, or three bottles for \$4. enough for one treatment.
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Obesity Fruit Salt is \$1 a bottle.
Obesity Band, any size up to 36 inches, is \$2.50; 10 cents extra for each additional inch in length.
Send all mall, extress or C. O. D. orders to us.
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11th and F n.w.

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ous illustrations and 100 testimonials.

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Stalee, the ideal photographer. ccc We have just added new backgrounds and ccc lovely new colorings for Mezzo-tint Photos-cc further evidence of our desire to please you ccc best. Our Photogravures look for all the ccc world like steel engravings and are only \$6 cc dozen!

Stalee, 1107 F St.

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
Station corner of 6th and B streets.
In effect September 9, 1895.
A.M. PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.—Pullman eping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Cars rrisburg to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffet Parlor to Harrisburg.
A.M. FAST LINE.—Pullman Buffet Parlor St. Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10:30 A.M. FAST LINE.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to Pittaburg.

13:46 P.M. CHICAGO ANN S.T. LOUIS EXPRESS.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars. Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Chengo.

7:10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Car to Chicago and Harrisburg to Cleveland.

7:10 P.M. SOUTHWESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car Harrisburg to Chennati.

10:40 P.M. PACIFE (EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg. EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7:50 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily except Sunday.

10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily except Sunday. Niagara Falls dally, except Sunday.

10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily except Sunday.

10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily except Sunday. For Williamsport daily, 3:40 P.M.

7:10 P.M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buralo and Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Seeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Burfalo. Niagara Falls daily, except Saturday, with Seeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Buffalo.

10:40 P.M. for Brie, Cenandalgua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, Sleeping Car Washington to Elmira.

For Philadelphia, New York and the East.

4:00 P.M. "CONGRIESSIONAL LIMITED." all Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore, for New York daily, for Philadelphia week days. Regular at 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:29, 9:00, 10:00 (Dining Car), and 11:30 A.M., 12:15, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. For Philadelphia only, Past Express, 7:50 A.M. week days, Express, 2:01 and 5:40 P.M. daily.

For Boston, without change, 7:50 A.M. week days, and 3:15 P.M. daily.

For Baltimore, 6:25, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05, 7:20, 9:00, 9:05, 10:30, 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 4:36, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, 11:15, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 1:15, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 1:15, 3:01, 3:04, 3:04, 3:05, 4:06, 3:05, 6:40, 7:10, 1:05, 0, 1:05 P.M.
Leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:05, 6:43, 7:05, 8:00, 9:10, 10:15, 10:28 A.M., 1:00, 2:15, 3:00, 3:23, 5:90, 5:30, 6:13, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10, 10:12, and 11:08 P.M. On Sunday at 6:43, 9:10, 10:22 A.M., 2:15, 5:30, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10 and 10:52 i'.M. Ticket offices, northeast corner of 13th street and Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station, 6th and B streets, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

8 M. PREVOST,
General Manager.
General Passenger Agent,
oc18 SOUTHERN RAILWAY. (Piedmont Air Line.) Schedule in effect October 6, 1895.
All trains arrive and icave at Pennsylvania
Passenger Station.
S:00 A.M.—Daily—Local for Danville. Connects at
Manassas for Strasburg, daily, except Sunday, and
at Lynchburg with the Norvilk and Western daily,
and with C. & O. daily for Natural Bridge and
Clifton Forge.

Clifton Forge.

11:15 A.M.—Daily—The UNITED STATES FAST MAIL carries Pullman Beffet Sleepers New York and Washington to Jacksonville, uniting at Charlotte with Pullman Sleeper for Augusta; also Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans via Montgomery, connecting at Atlanta with Pullman Sleeper for Birmingham, Memphis and St. Louis.

4:01 P.M.—Local for Strasburg, daily, except Sunday.

lay.
4:39 P.M.—Daily—"Exposition Flyer," Pullman
Buffet Sleeper New York and Washington to Atanta. Vestibuled Day Coaches Washington to
tilanta. Bunet Sleeper New York and Washington to Atlanta. Vestibuled Day Coaches Washington to Atlanta.

4:45 P.M.—Daily—Local for Charletteaville.

10:43 P.M.—Daily—WASHINGTON AND SOUTH-WESTERN VESTIBULED LIMITED, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers and Dining Cars, Pullman Sleepers Washington to Chattanooga, via Salisbury, Asheville and Knoxville. New York to Memphis via Birmingham, New York to New Orleans via Atlanta and Mot tyomery, and New York to Tampa via Charlotte, Columbia and Jacksonville. Vestibuled Day Coach Washington to Atlanta. Particular Car Columbia to Augusta. Dining Car from Greensboro' to Montgomery.

TRAINS BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND ROUND HILL leave Washington 9:01 A.M. daily and 4:32 P.M. daily, except Sanday, and 6:25 P.M. daily for Herndon. Returning, arrive at Washington 8:26 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. daily, from Round Hill, and 7:06 A.M. daily, except Sunday, from Herndon only.

Through trains from the south arrive at Washing-

only. Through trains from the south arrive at Washington 6:42 A.M., 11:45 A.M., 2:20 P.M. and 9:40 P.M. daily, Maoassas Division, 9:45 A.M. daily, except Sunday, and 8:40 A.M. daily from Charlottesville.

lottesvile.

Tickets, Sleeping Car reservation and information furnished at offices, 511 and 1300 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Pennsylvania Railroad Passenger Station. ion.
W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent.
J. M. CULP, Traiffe Manager.
W. A. TURK, Steneral Passenger Agent.
oct
L. S. BROWN, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILEOAD. Schedule in effect July 12, 1895.

Leave Washington from station, corner of New Jersey avenue and C street.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited trains, 11:30 a.m., 8:20 p.m.

For Cincinnati, 8: Louis and Louisville, Vestibuled Limited, 3:45 p.m.; express, 12:01 night.

For Pixtsburg and Cleveland, express, daily 11:30 a.m., and 9:10 p.m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, Vestibuled Limited, 3:45 p.m.; express, 12:01 night. For Pittsburg and Cleveland, express, 3:12:01 night. For Pittsburg and Cleveland, express, daily 11:30 a.m. and 9:10 p.m. For Lexington and Staunton, 11:30 a.m. For Winebester and way stations, *5:30 p.m. For Luray, Natural Bridge, Ronnoke, Knoxville, Chattanoca, Memphis and New Orleans, 11:20 p.m. deily; sleeping cars through. For Laray, 3:45 p.m. daily. For Baltimore, week days, x4:55, 5:90, 6:25, x7:90, x7:10, x8:90, x8:23, x8:30, x9:30, x0:90, x11:30 a.m., x12:10, 12:15, x12:30, x3:90, 3:25, x4:28, x4:31, x5:95, x5:10, x6:30, 5:33, 5:33, 6:30, 6:30, x8:90, x4:35, x5:10, x5:30, 5:35, x6:30, 6:30, x8:90, x4:35, x5:10, x6:30, x5:30, x3:30, x1:0:00 a.m., x12:10, x12:30, 1:90, x3:90, x3:90, x16:90 a.m., x12:10, x12:30, 1:90, x3:90, x3:90, x16:90 a.m., x12:10, x12:30, 1:90, x3:90, x3:90, x1:30 a.m., x12:30 might. For Ananypoins, 7:10 and x30 a.m., x12:30 might. For Frederick, ***9:900, *9:30, *11:30 a.m., x**1:15, *4:30 p.m. For Boyd and way points, **9:40 p.m. For Gaithersburg and way points, **0:40 p.m. For Gaithersburg and way points, *6:90, *8:90 a.m., **12:50, *3:90, *4:33, *5:35, *7:05, *9:40, x**11:30 p.m. For Gaithersburg and way points, **9:40, might principal stations only, *4:30, *5:30 p.m. ROYAL BLUE LINE FOR NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA. All trains illuminated with Pintsch light. For Philadelphia, New York, Boston and the East, week days, 4:55 Dining Car), 8:90 (10:90 a.m. Dining Car), 8:90 (10:90 a.m. Dining Car), 8:00 (10:90 a.m. Buffet Parlor Cars on all day trains. For Athantic Clay, 4:55 Dining Car), 8:00 (10:90 a.m. Sundays, 4:55 a.m., 12:30 p.m. For Gape May, 4:55 a.m., 8:00 (10:90 a.m. Sundays, 4:55 a.m., 12:30 p.m. For Cape May, 4:55 a.m. (8:00 a.m. Saturday only, 12:30 p.m. Sundays, 4:55 a.m., *12:30 p.m. For Cape Sundays, 4:55 a.m., *12:30 p.m. Sundays only, 2:30 p.m. Sundays, 4:55

R. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Manager. Jy12

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.
Schedule in effect July 1, 1836.
Trains leave daily from Union Station (B. and P.). 6th and B sts.
Through the grandest scenery in America, with the handsomest and most complete solid train service west from Washington.
2:25 P.M. DAHLY.—'Cincinnati and St. Louis Special'—Solid Vestibuled, Newly Equipped, Electric-lighted, Steam-heated Train. Pullman's finest sleeping cars Washington to Louiswille, Cincinnati, Indinanpolis and St. Louis without change. Unling Car from Washington. Arrive Cincinnati 8:00 a.m.; Indinanpolis 11:30 a.m., and Cheuro, 5:30 p.m.; St. Louis, 6:45 p.m.; Lexington, 8:35 a.m.; Louiswille, 11:50 a.m.
11:10 P.M. DAHLY.—The famous "F.F.V. Limited." A solid vestibuled train, with dining car and Pullman Sleepers for Cincinnati, Lexington and Louiswille without change. Pullman Sleeper Washington to Vicginia Hot Springs, without change, week days, Observation car from Hinton. Arrive Cincinnati, 5:50 p.m.; Lexington, 6:00 p.m.; Louiswille, 9:40 p.m.; Indianapolis, 11:05 p.m.; Chicago, 7:30 a.m., and St. Louis, 7:30 a.m.; connects in Union Depot for all points.
Union Depot for all points.
1:0-57 A.M., ENCEPT SUNDAY.—For Old Point Comfort and Nortokk, Only rail line.
2:25 P.M. DAHLY.—Express for Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Waynesboro', Stannton and principal Virginia points, daily; for Richmond, daily, escept Sunday.
Pullman locations and tickets at company's offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue.

cept, Sanday.

Pullman locations and tickets at company's offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania avenue.

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